SOME NEW BOOKS.

Dion Boucicault's Life.

It was Disraeli who, hearing the name Dion Boucicault, inquired of his secretary, "Is it some one in the conjuring business?" The British Prime Minister was not altogether to blame for the mistake, although the Irishman was then at the height of his success both as author and actor in London. He had been trying to work some of his magic on Disraeli. Feeling in spite of his position on the London stage that a little more advertising would do him no harm, Boucicault had addressed a letter to Disraeli demanding that Fenian prisoners then under arrest for treason in English prisons should be released immediately. He made the demand in the name of the Irish nation. The letter was distributed by the press throughout England. The resulting publicity doubtless compensated its author for the fact that the Prime Minister ignored the communication.

The history of Dion Boucicault, the incomparable "some one in the conjuring business," has been told in a most interesting way by Townsend Walsh in *The Career of Dion Boucicault*, recently published by the Dunlap Society. Little has been written of this fascinating figure in the history of the theatre in the nineteenth century. Ephemeral as many of his achievements were, they seem incredible to-day. He once boasted that he could write all the plays needed for the theatre of London if the managers would only let him. He supplied the stages of London and New York for years. His enterprise as an active dramatist extended from "London Assurance" in 1841 (the author was then 22) down to "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in 1892.

It must not be forgotten that this half century produced some of the most popular plays of the day. "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Don Cesar de Bazan," "The Willow Copse," "Louis XI," "Jessie Brown," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Octoroon," "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Long Strike," "After Dark," "The Shaughraun" and "Forbidden Fruit"—these are only a few plays in the long list that were to be counted among the most successful of their day. Out of "The Shaughraun" the author is said to have earned half a million dollars, although he was soon as impoverished as usual. Probably "The Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah-na-Pogue" were nearly as profitable. In these dramas of Irish life Boucicault sounded his strongest personal note.

Mr. Walsh's account makes Boucicault the illegitimate son of Dionysius Lardner and the wife of a certain Samuel Smith Bourriquot—the founder of the name used in Dublin—a wine merchant, who in 1813 married Anne Maria Darby, the daughter of a poet. So Dion Boucicault, who was born in Dublin in 1822, inherited literary inclinations from both parents.

It was through the influence of the scientist Lardner that he was put to school at Hampstead. In 1838, when he was 16, he wrote an afterpiece for a school entertainment which was thought good enough for public performance as "Napoleon's Old Guard" at the Princess Theatre in London. In spite of the efforts of Dr. Lardner, who was still his guardian, to make him a civil engineer, the young Boucicault had acquired from his school appearances an ineradicable desire for a stage career. As Lee Moreton he played in companies of provincial theatres, landing in 1840 in London with no money in his pockets, although he had the manuscript of "A Lover by Proxy" in his luggage. Charles Mathews refused the piece on the ground that farces were overabundant, while a five act comedy was really needed. It was then that the youthful playwright returned a month later with "London Assurance." The part of *Dazzle* he expanded from *Lawless* in the farce he originally submitted. All the time the young author had been gaining high praise as an actor.

The first night of "London Assurance," March 4, 1841, settled Boucicault's career. The conjurer was born with the triumph of this drama. It might be mentioned here that the testimony of Stephen Fiske and Lester Wallack, who knew both men well, was altogether in favor of the theory that John Brougham had little or nothing to do with the brilliant play of this nineteen-year-old dramatist, although it has been repeatedly claimed that the honors should go to Brougham.

The literary style of the piece long ago removed it from the stage. Although Poe called it a "despicable mass of inanity," the comedy lived for nearly half a century. Now the whole of the Boucicault theatre, if we except occasional revivals of his version of Casimir Delavigne's "Louis XI.," lies dusty on the shelves of the play publisher; nor is there any hope of its resurrection in spite of the vitality it possessed in its time. With the success of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" Dion Boucicault then took his place along with such contemporary dramatists as Douglas Jerrold and Bulwer Lytton.

The dramatist's output was so great he must inevitably have relied on the inspiration of others for his supply. He took his good where he found it. Ever pursued by the charge of plagiarism, he declared that a play must have a father and mother, just as any other creation. "I am an emperor," Mr. Walsh quotes him as saying, "and I take what I think best for art, whether it be a story from a book, a play from the French or an actor from a rival company."

Complacently he looted Walter Scott or Alexandre Dumas, read and took the best in the contemporary French theatre and moulded all this material into the most popular plays of his day. He had an infallible perception of the taste of the public and could trim his sails quickly to every change of the wind. And in all he was guided by his natural genius for the stage and the craftsmanship he had acquired through his long experience and study.

In 1853 Boucicault and his wife paid their first visit to New York. His plays were known here. The heroic Charlotte Cushman really acted *Lady Gay Spanker*, while "Old Heads and Young Hearts" had been played simultaneously at the theatres. Agnes Robertson proved to be a charming actress. The sojourn of the two here was altogether prosperous.

During the rest of his long life the conjurer found himself equally in demand on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. One year he was earning a fortune in one country and the next losing it in the other. He was impartial in this particular. His most successful play, "The Shaughraun," was acted at Wallack's Theatre here in November, 1874, and was as successful later in London as it had been in New York.

Every playwright has his zenith, and this play marked the height of Boucicault's mature achievement. He tasted success in double measure since the public had consented to acclaim him as creator and interpreter. Until his death of pneumonia in this city September 18, 1890, Boucicault's plays were as frequent as ever and the conjurer plucked plays out of his sleeve with the old time rapidity. But they were without the vitality he had formerly shown.

He adapted farces for unimportant stars, produced his own plays on provincial tours and maintained amazing activity for a man of his years. He was ever willing to act the more youthful parts. But there was the inevitable cooling of the flames which for so many years had burned so productively and at times with a brilliancy that blinded the public to the faults of the dramas, which were destructively apparent to another generation.

His plays and his acting having ceased to interest the public, Boucicault ended his days as a teacher of acting for A. M. Palmer in a school conducted in connection with the Madison Square Theatre. He was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery near this city.

Mr. Walsh does not seek to make a hero of the dramatist, but does not fail to give credit to him for the extent of his achievements and the high quality of many of them. He knew such popular success as came to few of his contemporaries. One must indeed turn to D'Ennery or Sardou to find a career similar in length and enduring success. The best plays of Boucicault are still as much to be studied by the playwright seeking to learn the secrets of the craft as those of the two Frenchmen. Few dramatists of our time are able to hold their public through so many years. There ought to be enough weight in that single element of their success to make them worth while as models in craftsmanship.

The Private Correspondence of the First Earl Granville.

The first Earl Granville gains added distinction by being the father of his son, and the second Earl Granville profits by being the son of his father. The second earl, Granville George Leveson Gower, as a parliamentary partisan contributed, in his latest secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, after barking like a good watchdog of the "outs" at Dizzy, leader of the "ins," from 1874 to 1880, to the dissolution of the restored power of his party, the Liberals. Skilled in the methods of diplomacy, hospitable to "new" ideas, he sparred well but lacked "the punch." He was a statesman of sufficient attainment to give damaging force to his remarkable indorsement in the Lords immediately preceding the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 of a statement that the situation in foreign affairs was unprecedentedly dull. Continental chancelleries were alert and astir in the depths, while the British Secretary seems to have regarded complacently the calmer surface of the diplomatic high seas. In Afghanistan and Egypt he did better.

But like father like son, and the two Earls Granville had rather the graces of administrative talent than the powers of genius in constructive statesmanship. Hence it is not to be regretted that in editing *Lord Granville Leveson Gower (First Earl Granville); Private Correspondence*, 1781 to 1821 (Dutton) his daughter-in-law, Castalia Countess Granville, does not draw at all upon the official correspondence of the earl in his first Ambassadorship, and brings the collection to a close before the period, ending in 1841, five years before his death, of his service in Paris. The papers now published will be read not for increase of political information, but for the record of and contemporary comment on the social life in the time of the third and fourth Georges, of which they afford brimming measure.

Lord Granville's principal correspondent was Henrietta Countess of Bessborough, a daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and younger sister of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. When they first met, at Naples, she was 32 and Lord Granville was 20. Their friendship endured until the lady died, in 1821, the year at which this publication ends. The letters to and from Lady Bessborough are the best in the book, because they are the most typical of the time.

It was on November 25, 1813, that the Prince of Orange embarked at Deal for Holland. On the last day of that month he landed at Scheveningen, and on the first day of December he entered Amsterdam as sovereign ruler of the Netherlands. On November 23 "G. L. G." writes to "Lady B.": "The Tide of good news flows indeed very fast, and I suppose we shall soon be looking to the Restoration of the Netherlands; for without it, it is idle to talk of the reestablishment of the long lost sight of balance of Power, of which Lord Grenville made mention in his Speech." Lady Bessborough replies: "I have heard from Holland House (that is St. James Sq.) it is nuts to Ly. Holland to laugh at Mr. Canning for making a bad speech, and at Mr. Ward [the Hon. John William, later eleventh Earl of Dudley] for behaving ill to Mr. Canning. I have given up trying to comprehend Mr. C.'s and your Politicks."

In the same letter Lady Bessborough turns her sharp wit upon "Ld. Buckingham," who has "volunteer'd with all his Regiment for Spain—Heavy Cavalry, I suppose. He must get an Elephant, for no Horse can even carry him. Think of a Quick charge, foot or Horseback, up the Pyrenees, with Ld. Buckingham to lead!! It is very much believ'd," she adds, "that Ld. Wellington has pushed on to Bordeaux."

But, to get back to our Canning, we have, under date of Sunday, November 28, 1813, the reply of "G. L. G. to Lady B.": "That Lady Holl'd should assert ill natured things of Canning does not surprise me, because it has long been her Practice—I understand he made a very good speech, in it he rather trampled over the Whigs. * * * He is in extremely low Spirits about his Son [George Charles, the eldest and favorite], whose case he begins to think hopeless, and about whom till lately he had not ceased being sanguine."

The boy, then in his thirteenth year, had been delicate from birth, but, despite the apprehensions of his father and the doubts of the doctors, he lived until March 31, 1820.

Canning, Lord Granville continues, had not intended to go to town, but being called there, "he thought that he could not avoid saying something in the House of Commons upon the present state of affairs without appearing not to join in the general Satisfaction at our improved prospects." Do the Whigs flatter themselves, the correspondent asks, "that they are not gone down?" The best they can say "is that if they had been in Power, instead of sending armies to Spain, they would have withdrawn them, or would have made Peace with Bonaparte when in the Meridian of his Greatness." He deems it a blessing for the country to have escaped from the works of such statesmen.

These matters take on interest beyond their intrinsic merits when there is read into them something of the state of Europe in those days of the Napoleonic danger, and readers fond of parallels may find material for one between the party situations in England then and America now, with forces of positive assertion and of negation placed in the balance. But more than these things most readers may deem interesting the hint that is given of the peculiar strain to which statesmen may be subjected when the head must labor uninterruptedly in the public service while the heart is heavy with private grief.

In another letter Lady Bessborough says: "We dined at Mad. de Staël's yesterday to meet the Hollands: it was entertaining to see Ly. Holland and Mr. Ward, both hating and both paying Court to each other—Mad. de S. whispering to me: 'Bon Dieu! comprend on une coquetterie pareille? Je mour rois de peur d'un esclandre quand ces puissances ennemies venoient à se rencontrer. Point du tout, ne diroit—on pas qu'ils s'adorent?'"

How they did gossip, on paper, a hundred years ago. Into a single paragraph this lively correspondent crowds such a list of topics as this: Was at court on Thursday, a "strange and ridiculous" ceremony. The King and Monsieur ever so gracious. Heard Grassini sing. Visit to Madame de Talleyrand. Madame de Coigny, Lally, Adrien and Giamboni to dinner. A party in the evening: Prince de Léon and his wife sang and played, and Gen. Belliard told stories of the Mamelukes.

On Saturday, to the play: Lally, La Fayette and Montesquieu call; tales of the Revolution, "especially the sudden change from crapule to excessive luxury at Robespierre's death, from the bonnet rouge poor and dirty, put on with peasant shoes, to Mme. Tallien's gold sandals lin'd with diamonds and pearls"; how the Tuileries and Champs Elysées had been ploughed up and planted to potatoes. Stories of Bonaparte's early life, and the latest from Elba: "Of him looking at the body of a poor Mason who was doing something on the top of his palace, fell and was killed at his feet. He said: 'On ne meurt pas toujours, j'ai tombé de plus haut.'" Wellington "so civil to me, and I admire him so much as a hero, that it inclines me to be partial to him, but I am afraid he is behaving very ill to that poor little woman; he is found great fault with for it, not on account of making her miserable or of the immorality of the fact, but the want of procedé and publicity of his attentions to Grassini." And, to conclude this inventory of the contents of a single short letter, the murder, "night before last," of a garde du corps, whose dissevered head was found near the bridge of Austerlitz, his body under a heap of stones in the Place de la Trévise and his legs and arms in a dark passage in the Rue Montmartre. "Think," says the gossip, "of the sang froid of cutting a man to pieces and carrying him about so." But the epistoleers cut reputations to pieces and flung the pieces abroad just as ruthlessly.

Lady Bessborough describes a visit by a friend to Fonthill, the home of William Beckford, author of "Vathek": "A servant was sent to invite him in, and he could not resist accepting. The hall door, in the highest finished Gothic work, is sixty feet high. He was received by a dwarf, who, like a crowd of servants through whom he passed, was covered with gold and embroidery. Mr. Beckford received him very courteously and led him through numberless apartments all fitted up most splendidly, one with minerals, including precious stones; another the finest pictures; another Italian bronzes, china, &c., till they came to a gallery that surpassed all the rest from the richness and variety of its ornaments. It seemed closed by a crimson drapery held by a bronze statue, but on Mr. B.'s stamping and saying 'Open!' the statue flew back, and the gallery was seen extending 350 feet long. At the end an open arch with a massive balustrade opened to a vast octagon hall, from which a window showed a fine view of the park." The tower, planned to be higher than Salisbury Cathedral, was not yet completed, but there was a chapel with an altar heaped with golden candlesticks, beautiful vases and jewel studded chalices, and a music room where the host played "with unearthly power." The refectory was gorgeous with gilt ornament and golden dishes; the park was stocked with tame hares and pheasants. The wonders of the library equalled those of the rest of this wonderful place. Beckford is just about the most unduplicated personality in all the history of English letters.

An undated letter from Lady Caroline Lamb to Lord Granville, written supposedly in 1816 or 1817, appears to allude to "Glenarvon," Lady Caroline's first novel, caricaturing Byron, which was published anonymously in May, 1816, three years after its author's break with the poet:

My Dear Lord Granville: Thank you for your kindness; but had you not come up, it had indeed been cruel. Do forgive me; I cannot bear that Harriet [his wife, the second daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire] and yourself should be unrelenting to one who loves you as I do, and who am so near her in blood and affection. You do not know the circumstances—you cannot. Is it to be supposed that after ten years marriage and such ill conduct on my part William would thus support me at the risk of all he most prizes for himself, if the case were as it is represented? * * *

Recollect that at the time I gave this book into the hands of Colburn I was so miserable that the man himself spoke with me as he would to a person dying. * * * I was ordered out of the house in no gentle language; my mother was spoke to [sic] with the most barbarous roughness in my presence.

Lady Caroline was called mad, she says, by those who were not content with calling her wicked. Her friends shunned her, even gave her the cut direct; they "had all taken Lord Byron's part":

That night I sent the novel. It was then much more violent—Calantha was not made to die, but it was brought home to real life. William Lamb heard of the novel the day it came out.

I solemnly assure you upon my honor this passed between us: He came in and said, "Caroline, I have stood your friend till now—I even think you ill used; but if it is true this novel is published—and, as they say, against us all, I will never see you more." * * *

For four years Lady Cowper and Lady Melbourne have supported Lord Byron, to the annoyance of William; recollect that Lady Holland behaved to William, as he thought, contemptibly, and also observe that wrongs, crimes, follies, even the last, were raked up even from the days of infancy and brought forth to view without mercy. To write this novel was then my sole comfort, but before I published it I thought myself ruined past recall, and even then I took out all the passages I thought might reflect upon Lady Melbourne and many others. This is not said by way of excuse for what I have done, but merely explanation. Do not judge me with severity, for you cannot know half what I have suffered.

What a loss to English literature made in America has been caused by the necessary limitations of life in a democratic republic. Our producers of best sellers are seriously handicapped by the absence of a titled aristocracy not only available as material for books but given to making books a part of its "affairs."

The 1,000 pages of the Countess Granville's collection of letters will give much pleasure to those who enjoy a peep behind the scenes and to whom history means more when it records the talk and incidents of the drawing room and the comment made there and in familiar letters upon the acts of kings and legislatures and the deeds of popular assemblies and armies in the field.

Roughing It in Eastern Lands.

An entertaining and at the same time rather provoking account of personal experiences in the Orient is given by Captain T. C. Fowle in *Travels in the Middle East* (E. P. Dutton and Company). The author is an officer in the Indian army who obtained long leave of absence on two occasions to study languages in the days before the war. His first trip for the purpose of studying Arabic took him up the Persian Gulf to Bagdad and then into the back country and to Tadmor and Damascus. In the second trip Persian was his object and in it he traversed the country on the eastern border to the Caspian and then from north to south on the western side. He made use of beaten tracks and visited no place that other travellers have not described. He leaves out most of the things the reader would expect, but shows throughout boyish spirits that are very engaging and treats the sights of the Orient much as a hurried visitor might those of Europe, which gives an original note to his story. His observation is exact and minute for the matters he chooses to speak about, which makes his omissions the more provoking, and occasionally he lets slip a remark which shows that he kept his soldier's eyes open.

He starts in the proper vacation spirit like a boy when school has let out, anxious to see new things and to get close to the natives; he has formed a high opinion of the Moslem in India, which he retains throughout, and is ready to associate with all classes. He tells of the sea trip with brief glimpses of the ports he touches at. When he gets to Bagdad he carefully avoids all history or political matter and tells of the streets, of the people he sees in them and of a tramp around the walls. He spent a month in the city studying Arabic, but he is silent as to any experiences or impressions after the first days. Then he made an excursion up the rivers on horseback; this he describes in detail with the inconveniences he underwent. Later he made his way to Tadmor and thence to Damascus with a horse caravan across the desert. He never mentions ruins or excavations. In Damascus he put in another month of study and here he describes vividly a dervish dance, a Turkish bath and the street life. He is always on the lookout for the characteristics of the natives and makes the reader understand them.

The second trip was more ambitious; for that he had a camel caravan. He started from Quettah, using the railroad as far as he could, and made his way through the Afghan country to the Persian border. Then he worked his way north to Meshed, where he stayed three weeks, but about which he says nothing. He relates all the difficulties and discomforts of the journey, however, though he never grumbles. He also describes what he calls a "Mohammedan passion play" that he happened to see. His plans for traversing northern Persia had to be given up, so he sold his camels, made a very rough winter journey to Askabad in Russian territory and thence by rail and steamer to Baku. He praises the Russian railroads and their regard for the traveller's comfort highly and contrasts them with Indian methods. From Baku with much trouble he went to Teheran, about which city he is silent; he tells of a most uncomfortable journey in a post wagon to Ispahan, on the other hand, and of that town he does give some description. Then follows a laborious horseback expedition to a port on the Persian Gulf, and the return to India.

From the perusal of the book the reader will derive a clear idea of the physical character of the country the author passed through; he will also learn about the variety of modes of conveyance, all uncomfortable and far removed from those of civilized lands. He will derive marked impressions about the people who dwell in them, especially the common people, and will enjoy the many individual figures that interested the author. He may revise his notions of Mohammedan religion and of Mohammedan character. He will like the author, too, with his boyish ardor and freshness of outlook. For the information usually expected from books of travel in strange lands, however, he must look elsewhere; art, history, archæology, statistics and even conventional description are all carefully avoided.

CASH IN CHINA.

Some of the Inconveniences of the Monetary System.

In the remote parts of China the silver "shoes" are still used, and buyer and seller each carry a pair of scales, while the purchaser chips off with a chisel enough silver from his "shoe" to pay his bill, which the merchant again carefully weighs to the fraction of a grain, to see that he has enough.

The "cash," worth now a tenth of a Chinese cent, or a twentieth of an American cent, has disappeared from the coast cities, where big copper cents have taken their place, but they are still used in the far interior, though even ten years ago they were of universal currency, and it was a common saying that one took a donkey to carry his cash to market and took his purchases home in his hand.

Undoubtedly this financial muddle will in time be straightened out, says the *Christian Herald*, and even as it is it is more a matter of inconvenience than of actual loss to those who "know the ropes."

KEEPING UP WITH THE LITERARY GAME.

Tish, Mary Roberts Rinehart's best known character, promises to make almost as many more friends when she appears in book form as she had done through her career in the magazines. The advance orders for the book, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, have necessitated a second printing, bringing the total number of copies up to 25,000.

Kathleen Norris's new novel, "The Heart of Rachel," has served to open an early fall season for Doubleday, Page & Co. It is a story of New York social life and deals with the divorce problem.

Adele Luehrmann, the author of "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont," was born and grew up in Memphis, Tenn., later moving to Atlanta, then to New York, where she now lives. She has been writing short stories for the magazines for several years. "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont" is her first book.

The demand for Sudermann's "Song of Songs" does not abate. Mr. Huebsch announces a tenth printing of this popular novel.

The next volume of fiction by Artzibashef to be published in America is "Tales of the Revolution." Mr. Huebsch announces it for the early fall. The celebrated Russian's other works now available in English, "Sanine," "Breaking Point" and "The Millionaire," continue in popular favor.

The revised edition of "Addresses and Papers of Charles Evans Hughes," announced by the Putnams, includes the candidate's letter of acceptance of July, 1916, and an introduction by Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University. The addresses contain Nominee Hughes's political philosophy and his views on national issues.

The autumn promises to be a busy season for Cosmo Hamilton. About the time his new novel, "The Sins of the Children," is published by Little, Brown & Co. a dramatization of his story of married life, "The Door That Has No Key," will be produced in Chicago under the title of "The Mother Woman," while earlier in the season the Shuberts will offer a comedy which Mr. Hamilton has written in collaboration with Leslie Stewart.

C. N. and A. M. Williamson, it appears, are the authors of "Where the Path Breaks," the novel recently published by the Century Company under the pen name of Captain Charles de Crespigny. The authorship of the book was attributed by many reviewers to Florence Barclay, author of "The Rosary." No one seems to have suspected the real authorship; for the usual Williamson novel is a happy go lucky travel story, whereas "Where the Path Breaks" is a swiftly moving love story which opens on a battlefield in France and ends in the far West of America, with a background of mystic philosophy throughout.

Richard Washburn Child says he went to interview Russia; not the Czar, not the Grand Duke, but that great sleepy giant that we know so little about and call Russia. So he acted as if he had been sent to interview Mr. Morgan or any other public man. He went throughout the length and breadth of Russia observing the land and the people; he talked to every one, from the diplomat in his office up to the peasant by the wayside, and what he saw, what he heard and what he felt he put in "Potential Russia," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Gilbert Cannan, whose new novel, "Three Sons and a Mother," has just been published by the George H. Doran Company, sends the following sketch of his life in reply to a request from his publisher for biographical material:

"Mr. Gilbert Cannan was born in 1884 in Manchester of a Scotch family and was early caught up by the educational machine and turned by that remorseless process from a grubby urchin of 6 into a graduate of the University of Cambridge and a barrister. The machine then broke down, human nature asserted itself and took refuge in literature, with an interlude, forced by necessity of privation, another machine which human nature found incomputable. That was five years ago, and since then Mr. Cannan has been elevated to the obstinate production of novels all about machines and human nature, with a distinct but unpopular bias in favor of the latter. This is not an exciting career, superficially considered, and might be summed up in three words—Birth—Marriage—Work."

Emile Waxweiler, whose "Belgium, Neutral and Loyal" appears under the Putnam imprint, was recently knocked down and fatally injured by a motor car in a London street. Before his death Mr. Waxweiler had completed another book, entitled "Belgium and the Great Powers," which is in train for publication by the Putnams.

Walter Hale and his wife, Louise Closser Hale, have recently returned to France. Mr. Hale, who is the author of "By Motor to the Firing Line," was with the armies of northern France a year ago in company with Owen Johnson and Arnold Bennett. He is to visit the front in the Verdun sector and south of the Somme, while Mrs. Hale is to write a series of articles on the economic situation in the small towns familiar to them after many years of motoring in France.

William Dean Howells, whose latest volume of fiction, "The Daughter of the Storage," appeared early in the summer, is now at York Harbor, Me. His vacation will be spent in completing an autobiographical volume, which the Harpers will bring out in the fall.

Margaret Deland has just gone to Kennebunkport, Me., where she will remain the rest of the summer, having seen her new novel, "The Rising Tide," through the press. This is her first novel since "The Iron Woman," although "Around Old Chester" was published last season.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Sundown and Swallows.

Eve of September,
Sundown and swallows,
The last flaming ember
On the world limit dying!
Sundown and swallows,
(Eve of September—
To-morrow they journey);
In a last airy tourney,
Round and round flying,
Chirping and calling * * *
Now one by one follows
Down the dark chimney throat fluttering, falling!

Vanished completely
To soft feathered slumber!
Save one of their number
There, mounting fleetly,
Higher and higher,
Till the fast fading passion
Touches with fire
That venturous pinion,
Alone and aloft in sole mystic dominion!

Sundown and swallows * * *
A symbol I fashion:
So I behold them—
All of my legion,
One by one follows
Where shadows enfold them * * *
A little delaying,
I soon shall be leaving!
My spirit upstaying—
Too exalted for grieving,
Is touched with what light from hesperean region!

Edith M. Thomas.

The Baby.

A new little craft has been launched on the sea,
A new little sail is unfurled;
Here's hoping the world may be good unto him,
And he may be good to the world.

The compass is pointing the way he should steer
To guide on his voyaging far;
Here's hoping the star may be good unto him
And he may be good to the star.

The anchor is weighed for the harbor that waits
If long be his journey or short;
Here's hoping the port may be good unto him
And he may be good to the port.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Newark Bay.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

I have stood on the bluffs of Scutari
and watched the morning mists smoke out of the Golden Horn—
full of fairy ships and iridescent sails,
like a harbor of the Happy Isles.
And I have watched the pinnacles of Seraglio Point
prick up black and slim and strange as the Arabian Nights
against a sanguine sky.

I have wandered among the lonely pillars of the Parthenon,
and wondered how those Greeks of long ago made them so simple and so noble,
and how even so many suns could turn them into amber,
and how the antique drama of the day looked between them as if I had never seen it before,
ending above the Bay of Salamis—
Was it a triumph? Was it a tragedy?—
in an unearthly fume of gold and violet.

I have sat in the ruined theatre of Taormina,
where mask and buskin mime no more,
but where a scene is set immortal in the world
of the jewel blue Ionian Sea,
and the far off opal mountains of Calabria,
and the lovely line of the Sicilian coast,
with its lacy ruffle of foam,
and the Sicilian hills,
bare and dark and grave, yet secretly aflame with oleander,
and the white town sitting on its high shelf of rock in the sun,
and little Mola aloft on her crag like a castle in a fairy story,
and supreme over all, hanging between blue and blue in a shimmer of silver,
the enchanted cone of Ætna.

I have climbed the North Cape,
into an Arctic wind you could not stand against,
into an Arctic fog swirling like a madman's brain.
The wind tore terrifying chasms in the fog,
and through them dropped splinters of a lost midnight sun,
or through them, out of a void of thunder,
the spray of melted icebergs
spouted up chimneys of black rock.
It made me ashamed of the crowded shelter hut,
where tourists giggled into the spray of champagne
or scribbled picture postcards.

But I like Newark Bay.
You don't know where it is unless you are a Jersey commuter!
And no cliffs encircle it,
No famous cities lend it a little of their renown.
No beautiful buildings are reflected in it.
No typhoon ever tore it out of its bed.
Nor is the color of it very wonderful.

Never mind.
It has a wonderful way of catching color from the sun.
It has a wonderful way of rippling under the moon.
It has a wonderful way of darkling to infinity,
of somehow expressing what you feel when you rumble across it at midnight,
Tired and happy and unhappy and exalted after listening to violins.
And you should see the gold that twinkles around it in the dark,
that spatters it when the factories are alight.

I like the long lines of the chimneys, too,
and the smoke that flutters from them on the wind.
I like the barges that puff up and down from nowhere to nowhere,
on errands strange as any Indian patamar.
At night they give you such a friendly wink of a green eye!
I like the visions of hill towns you catch from it on a clear day.
I like the black bridges that wade across it,
and the trains that slide so smoothly over them,
all day and all night, in a blur of black or gold—
and the sense of its loneliness,
and of so many million interwoven destinies that shuttle to and fro
and leave it lonely again.
I like those great beds of reeds that border it,
humble and green and alive to every whim of the air.
I like those little straggling wooden piers
and flat bottomed boats at leash under a certain factory.
They always make me think of a certain palace on the Grand Canal,
a palace of delicate marbles carved long before factories or bridges came to Newark Bay,
in which a princess lives.
But she would not be a princess,
nor would she live in that palace,
if it were not for that factory on Newark Bay.
How ingenious some people are!
And how many ways there are of achieving palaces on the Grand Canal!
And I can manufacture nothing more ingenious than verses,
and they will never achieve me a palace on the Grand Canal!

Never mind.
I like a certain corner in Newark Bay
where a little inlet runs out beside a bridge.
On the shore some signboards make a fantastic splash of color
as you flash past them on the train.
Through the water marches a file of piles,
with restless green reflections fastened to them.
And shore and water meet each other so intimately,
in such an undulating line!
I will stand up for that line, even after the coast of Sicily.
I wish I could etch the grace and the humor and the subtlety of that line.
And beyond it the bay opens under the sky,
wide and pale as a Venetian lagoon.
And far away, high and white and incredible as the other world,
glimmers a tower in New York.

H. G. Dwight.

Mysterious.

From the Washington Star.

Oh, Gasolene! Oh, Gasolene!
How oft you toy with fate!
Sometimes you plug along serene,
Sometimes you conflagrate.

We know not, when you hit the road,
What's going to befall.
Too violently you explode,
Or don't explode at all.

We watch you with a weary frown
And breathe an anxious sigh.
Your price goes up; your price goes down,
We know not how or why!

Rhapsody.

When all is cooked and all is eaten,
There is one pie that can't be beaten;
When all is said and all is thunken,
There is no pie that equals pumpkin.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is a "rookie" and how did the name originate? A. F. Dunnsow.

A "rookie" is a man who is learning to be a soldier—the "raw recruit." The term is English. The word "rook" used to be used for a variety of things. A gambling den was a rook. So was a barracks. The frequenter of either became a "rookie."

A says that the expression "It is thirty knots from Greenwich to the Battery" is correct English. B says it is not. Connecticut.

It is not. A knot is a measure of both time and distance. You may say that a vessel is making thirty knots, for that means that she is travelling thirty nautical miles an hour. But to say that a vessel is making thirty knots an hour is foolish.

A does not mean to say that it is thirty nautical miles an hour from Greenwich to the Battery. He must say "thirty miles" or "thirty nautical miles."

In Questions and Answers for August 27 I find an inquiry about the author of "What are we here for but the offices?" Webster Flanagan (not Flanigan) was a delegate at large from Texas in the Republican national convention of 1880, when James M. Barker of Massachusetts moved an amendment to the resolutions providing for an indorsement of the civil service. Flanagan spoke as follows:

"Mr. Flanagan of Texas—Mr. President: Texas has had quite enough of the civil service. During the last four years, sir, out of 1,400 officers appointed by the President of the United States, 140 represented the Republican party. We are not here, sir, for the purpose of providing offices for the Democracy. There is one plank in the Democratic party that I have ever admired, and that is, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' After we have won the race, as we will, we will give those who are entitled to positions office. What are we up here for? I mean that members of the Republican party are entitled to office, and if we are victorious we will have office. I therefore move to lay the amendment on the table."

He was for many years after that conspicuous in Texas politics.

The man who was "biger than old Grant" was Fitzhugh, the doorkeeper of the House in the first Democratic Congress after the war in 1874. He was also from Texas.

The Doorkeeper of the House is a great patronage dispenser, having all assistant doorkeepers under him. L. A. C.

What books of the Bible are called the Hagiographa and what does the name mean? S. T.

It is Greek for "sacred writings." The name covers eleven books—Ruth, Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Canticles, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Esther, Ezra and Chronicles, to give them in the order in which they occur in the Jewish Talmud.

How may the age and date of silver articles be ascertained by the hall mark? I have understood the mark was different for each year. Is there any authority on the subject you could suggest that I read? E. L.

The marks upon plate made in Great Britain are designed to show, in addition to the warrant of fineness, the maker and the place and year of stamping. An ordinary piece of English silver plate has four and sometimes five marks. The first is that of the maker, which must be the first letters of his Christian and surname. The second mark is different for each of the assay offices.

London marks with the leopard's head of the Company of Goldsmiths, Birmingham with an anchor, Chester with its city arms of three garbs and a sword, Sheffield with a crown, Edinburgh with a castle, Glasgow with a tree, fish and bell, and Dublin with the harp crowned. Former assay offices existed at Bristol, Exeter, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich and York.

The third plate mark is the lion passant, supposed to be the sovereign's mark. The fourth mark is a letter which dates the article. The fifth mark, now and since 1890 forgone, is the sovereign's head impressed upon such articles as were chargeable with duty.

Each assay office selects a certain type of letter for its date mark and each year adopts the next succeeding letter in that alphabet until the cycle is complete. Then a new alphabet is adopted and a new cycle begins. Having an acquaintance with the distinguishing marks of the several assay offices and the initial year of each date cycle, it is possible to determine the date of the mark of any English plate made since 1438. Unscrupulous dealers have been known to cut the hall mark from an antique piece of small value and to build up around the mark a modern fabrication with far more silver and a better chance of bringing a good price; therefore a hall mark needs expert substantiation in doubtful cases. For a full discussion of the marks consult such works as Cripps's "English Plate Marks" and "Old English Plate," and Chaffer's "Handbook to Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate."

I have been much interested in a quaint old house that formerly stood on the west shore of Flushing Bay. It was known as the Lent house. Can some reader tell me when it was built? Was it the Rapalyea house in the township of Newtown? A. D. J.

To what State does the ground on which the Statue of Liberty stands belong? Connecticut.

Bedloes Island belonged originally to New Jersey, but it is now Federal soil.

Please give me the record of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet changes. A. F.

There have been only three changes in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. On August 29, 1914, Thomas Watt Gregory succeeded James Clark McReynolds as Attorney-General. On June 9, 1915, Robert Lansing became Secretary of State ad interim upon the resignation of William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Lansing was appointed Secretary of State on June 23, 1915. On March 7, 1916, Newton Diehl Baker succeeded Lindley Miller Garrison as Secretary of War.

Who wrote "The People of the Mist"? W.

Rider Haggard.

Where was Andrew Jackson born? E. D.

North and South Carolinians quarrel about this. A tradition has it that he was born at the Waxhaw settlement in Union county, North Carolina, but Jackson himself thought that he was born near the Waxhaw Creek in Lancaster county, South Carolina. The weight of evidence seems to favor the South Carolinians.

MOST ACCURATE CLOCK.

Timepiece in Cleveland Is Said to Hold World's Record.

In the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland there is a clock that holds the world's record for accurate time keeping. Over a period of several months it showed a variation of only eight-thousandths of a second a day, which, in a year's time, would be less than three seconds.

Ship chronometers, which are the most accurate time measuring instruments in general use, cannot keep true time within less than three to five seconds a month. Marine observations are absolutely dependent on accurate timepieces, but ship's officers have to be satisfied if they can adjust their chronometers so that they will either gain or lose a certain amount each day. Then they add or subtract and get absolutely correct time.

This Case clock, says the *Youth's Companion*, stands on a stone pier, independent of the building, that extends sixteen feet to a natural shale foundation. It is in a small room surrounded by two other rooms, all built with brick walls. Gas stoves heat the outer rooms, and electric contact thermometers regulate the temperature. The gas stove flame automatically rises or falls with the variation in the outside air temperature. Thus on warm days in August the flame in the gas stove is very low, while in below zero January it burns at its brightest. In the clock room itself the temperature is adjusted by an ordinary sixteen candle-power incandescent lamp that is flashed on and off by another electric contact thermometer. The school strictly enforces the rule that there must never be more than two persons in this inner room at one time.

The clock, which stands five feet high, has three separate dials that register the hours, minutes and seconds. It is enclosed in an airtight glass jar, inside of which are delicate instruments for measuring temperature, atmospheric pressure and moisture. A small amount of chloride of lime, which is an efficient desiccating material, is kept always in the jar to absorb the moisture.

By the aid of a set of dry batteries the clock automatically winds itself every seven minutes. The movement is adjusted slow or fast by pumping air in or out of the glass container. Observations are made from the outside through double glass windows through the separating walls and by means of a small electric lamp placed over the dials.

Not only can this wonderful piece of clock mechanism be adjusted to show less than a three second annual variation, but it is also possible to make electric connections with other similar clocks elsewhere. With this as a master clock the others can be made to keep the same accurate time.

WEALTHY IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Japan's Rulers Have Fortune in Bank Shares, Forests and Palaces.

The property holdings of the imperial household of Japan amount in the aggregate to $250,000,000, according to an article printed in the *Nichi Nichi* of Tokio. These holdings include shares in the Bank of Japan, the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, and shares and bonds of many other concerns. Added to these interests are the contributions made by the Government after the Sino-Japanese war out of the indemnity obtained from China. The indemnity funds and the stock holdings are said to total $90,000,000.

Forests covering 2,130,000 acres and 150,000 acres of prairie land are valued at a sum which would bring the total up to $250,000,000. If to the foregoing the market value of the property of the imperial palace and detached palaces throughout Japan be estimated imperial property would reach a much greater figure. The value of this property is increasing 20 per cent. annually.

At the same time, every year an enormous amount is expended in imperial grants. In accordance with the will of the Emperor Meiji, father and predecessor of the present Emperor, the actual expenses of the imperial family are said to be minimized as much as possible. The greater part of the revenues from the imperial properties, says the article, is used for various ceremonies, salaries, pensions and social expenses incurred in mixing with the royalty of other nations.

In addition the imperial household receives annually $1,500,000 from the Government, and the salaries of the officials of the household department are paid out of that.

SCHOLARSHIP AND SUCCESS.

Graduates With High Honors Who Are Regarded as Distinguished.

The list of the first ten scholars of each of the classes that were graduated from Harvard College in the sixth decade of the last century as presented by William Roscoe Thayer is a list of men eminent in every walk of life. Indeed, it is likely that the first quarter in scholarship of any school or college class will give to the world as many distinguished men as the other three-quarters.

What can we say in this connection of the 420 living graduates of the ten Wesleyan University classes from 1850 to 1899? Just this, says *Harper's Magazine*. Of the men in that group who were graduated with highest honors, 60 per cent. are now regarded as distinguished either by "Who's Who in America" or by the judgment of their classmates; of those who were elected to Phi Beta Kappa—the scholarship honor society—30 per cent.; of those who won no superior honors in scholarship, only 11 per cent. Of the men now living who were graduated from Wesleyan University between 1860 and 1889, 16 per cent. are listed in "Who's Who"; of those who received high honors in scholarship during this period, 50 per cent.; of those who attained no distinction as scholars, only 10 per cent.

MOROCCAN COURTESY.

Sultan Stopped Palace Clocks During Diplomat's Visit.

A year or two ago a distinguished European diplomat paid an official visit to the Sultan of Morocco.

During the audience, says *Pearson's Weekly*, the diplomat noticed with some surprise that not one of the three clocks in the audience chamber was going. Very delicately he mentioned to the Sultan that his clocks had all stopped and hinted that he would like to present him with one that would be more reliable.

The Sultan thanked him.

"But my clocks are excellent timekeepers," he added with a smile. "They were all going until just before you came; but I had them all stopped, as I did not wish, during your Excellency's all too brief visit, to be reminded of the flight of time!"

CARS FOR COLLEGE YOUTH.

Two Pullmans Made Into Dormitories for Students.

Two Pullman sleeping cars constitute the novel addition to the dormitory equipment of Blackburn College, Carlinville, Ill., according to the *Popular Mechanics Magazine*.

The cars were acquired during the past year because of the rapid increase in attendance at the institution. While no longer suited for extended journeys, they are in excellent condition and are very popular with the students.

They were switched to a side track near the campus, and then lifted from their trucks and transferred to brick foundations close to the college buildings. The cars are connected with a hot water heating system which makes them very comfortable in winter.